





## THE SEA COAST ECHO.

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### PASSING AWAY.

Credit still another good thing to the automobile. Before it came no one objected to signs stuck along the road. People drove by at a leisurely pace and sometimes they read them—generally they didn't—but either way they never considered the signs from the standpoint of danger. To-day autoists see but one thing about the sign along the road—and that is the danger it creates by blocking his vision. He wants to see what is on both sides of him, and especially ahead of him, and that is why he objects to signs. That is also why the auto clubs of many States are now making a concerted fight on billboards and road signs. And they are winning out.

In many States today road signs are not permitted. Other States are falling in line. It is generally realized that as an ad. they are worth very little now. People are riding in autos—and autos go too fast to make sign reading satisfactory. The merchant who once believed in road signs possibly has an auto of his own now—and he knows that the road sign is a nuisance. He, too, is going to use the same good judgment that millions of others are using, and help to put the billboard and the road sign out of business. He isn't going to spend his money for any kind of advertising that is objectionable to others. And the road sign has certainly come into that class.

### TRUE AS GOSPEL.

It is not often a business concern pays good money to say something nice about another business. But that's what the Alabama Power Company really did, paying for a full-page ad in many papers, and using the following words, which Bay St. Louis people will find not only true but interesting:

"The weekly newspaper occupies a place in the social, religious, domestic and industrial life that is peculiarly its own. Nothing can take this enviable position away from it. The weekly newspaper supplies a service, too, that is all its own. This service is the dissemination of the community news. The big city daily, no matter how hard it may try, will never be able to render such a service and compete with the country weekly. What is news to the home paper in the small community is not news to the big city daily. But this 'small news' in the weekly means more to residents of the farms and smaller towns than a whole column about the League of Nations printed in a daily.

"The big city daily supplies the news of the day from distant States and distant lands, while the country weekly supplies the news of the week at home. The home town is first in the minds and hearts of its people; their interests lie there; their happiness and thoughts are centered around its activities. Here is where the heart is.

"The wise advertiser will find the man's heart, then take his message to it. He will find it wrapped up in the community in which that man lives, works, worships and loves. He will speak his message through the voice of that community—and the voice of every community is its home town newspaper—the country weekly."

### A WORTH-WHILE WAR.

A war with which every resident of Bay St. Louis and surrounding territory will sympathize is proclaimed by Dr. William Mayo, of Minnesota, one of the world's most famous physicians and surgeons. Cancer is the enemy against which he expects the great force of medical science to array itself until the dread disease is conquered. Dr. Mayo has informed the physicians of Great Britain that he considers the recent discovery by Dr. F. G. Banting of a new treatment for diabetes as no longer an experiment but the greatest achievement of medicine since the world war.

Tuberculosis, or consumption, as most people call it, can be effectively checked, declares Dr. Mayo, and he adds that now the physicians of the world must unite in their war upon cancer. Surgeons may eradicate cancer if it is discovered early, declares the noted doctor, but he says the war will not be won until the exact cause of cancer has been discovered. To this day no one knows the exact cause of this distressing ailment, with which thousands of members of the human race are afflicted.

The great surgeon says medical and surgical advances during the past forty years have lengthened the life of the average man about twelve years. This is a triumph greater than those of any war, and who is there among us that does not sincerely hope and pray that before many more years have passed medical skill will triumph over cancer and rid the race of its enemy?

## FARMERS AND RAILROADS.

The railroad owners have out a book trying to convince the farmer that as a general rule farmers are not objecting to the present high freight rates. But they'll have a hard time proving it. A farmer sells his wheat at what it is worth at sea-board, less the freight. The freight is taken out when the wheat is paid for, and it's the same way with a load of hogs, cattle, corn, wool, hay and everything the man in the rural districts produces. Mr. Farmer pays the freight, pays it in advance, and every man in Bay St. Louis knows this to be the truth. Now, let the farmer buy a few implements of any kind. The dealer adds the freight to the cost of the implements, tacks on his profit—and the farmer pays. No business man pays any freight, for when the goods are marked in his store the freight is counted in and added to the purchase price. That's one reason the farmer objects to the high freight rates—because he has to pay the freight when he sells his stuff and he has to pay the freight when he buys something from somebody else.

### THE CHRONIC KNOCKER.

You know them. Every town has them, and Bay St. Louis is no exception to the rule. We suppose that, like tumble bugs, polecats and other such creatures, in the inscrutable economy of nature there is a place for the chronic knockers. Perhaps they serve a useful purpose as a sort of counter-irritant for the lack of active interest in the affairs of their town that is characteristic of thousands of supposedly "good citizens." The old fellow said of his dog, you know, that it was good for him to have a certain amount of fleas; they kept him so busy scratching he forgot to get lazy. The chronic knocker is really to be pitied, rather than blamed. He can't help it. His character is warped and twisted so that everything in the world looks crooked to him. He sees all public matters as going wrong, and all public officials as "graffers." He simply judges all other men by himself.

William Livingston, Detroit banker, who is as close to Henry Ford as any man in the world, says that if the motor magnate decides to be nominated for the presidency, "Nothing will stop him." It is said to be the Ford way. Whether the determination has been reached, "there's the rub," says Mr. Livingston. Also, he avers, the one with the most influence over Henry is a woman—Mrs. Ford. Virtually everything is thought to depend on her. Mr. Livingston declares Mr. Ford has "brushed up" intellectually far beyond the "history-is-bunk" and peace-ship days by intensive reading, and can now be ranked a well-posted man.

### BROADCASTINGS.

It may be as exciting as a joy-ride in an auto, yet we never found it so. But the old porch swing is safer.

We know a few men who never put off until tomorrow the creditors they can't put off thirty days.

If Henry Ford does run for the presidency, it will probably be on a "good roads" platform.

You don't hear much about the good old water wagon being in many traffic accidents.

No matter how well bred he may be, any man is apt to forget it when a fat woman steps on his corn.

The only thing that works twenty-four hours on a stretch these soft times is a rubber band.

Somebody has invented a gun powder that is flashless as well as smokeless and waterproof. Now make it non-explosive and we'll have something to be thankful for.

One time when a man doesn't believe in heridity is when his own son is making a fool of himself.

Eve would have had a hard time tempting Adam, if the price of apples had been as high then as it is now.

There's a limit to everything, except the number of girls that can get into a Ford.

You can't always tell how much religion a man has by the length of his face.

It isn't much of a vacation for a president when he has to stop and make a speech every few hours, and know at the same time that the crowd didn't pay to get in.

There's a new \$50 counterfeit bill in circulation. But as far as we are concerned we don't even know what the genuine looks like.

Maybe some girls feel that they will find a husband before the paint makes a complete ruin of their faces.

Balloon racing is like trying to find a place to park. A fellow never knows where he's going to be when he stops.

Riches may not get a man into heaven, but poverty can often make him wish he was in the other place.

They say kissing is not popular among the Eskimo people. How glad some boys must be that we haven't any Eskimo girls in town.

The real country clubs of this nation are the luge, the spade, the rake and the shovel.

Human Announcements that she "well" conceals intelligent, handsome, those

## WITH THE WITS.

**Hands to Hold.**  
Mrs. Henpeck (sarcastically)—I suppose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his hand all evening!  
Mr. Henpeck (sadly)—I'd be holding his hand, I'd have made some money—Harvard Lampoon.

**Willie—Won't your pa spank you for staying out so late?**  
Tommy (whose father is a lawyer)—Naw, I'll get an injunction from ma postponing the spanking, and then I'll appeal to grandma and she'll have it made permanent.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Mistaken Identity.**  
As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed young passenger approached the captain and pointing to the distant hills inquired:  
"What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"  
"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.  
"Well," remarked the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman has just told me it was Greece."—Kind Words.

**How Changed!**  
The Lodger—Oh, Mrs. Grabb, you have made a mistake in my washing this week. You've kept my shirt and sent me half a dozen very old handkerchiefs instead.  
Mrs. Grabb—Lor' bless yer, sir, them ain't handkerchiefs; that is yer shirt!—London Mail.

**And One Is Sufficient.**  
"Robert," said the mother sternly to her offspring, who had just broken a window with a baseball, "I'm going to give you a good whipping—not because you broke the window, but because you broke your promise to me that you would stop playing ball near the house."  
"Aw, ma," whimpered the boy, "can't you do it for breakin' the window? Dad'll have to lick somebody for that."—The American Legion Weekly.

**I Ammonia Novice.**  
Man (in drug store)—I want some camomore lye?  
Druggist—You mean concentrated lye.  
Man—It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?  
Druggist—Fifteen cents. I never cinnamon with s much wit.  
Man—Well, I should myrrh, myrrh. Yet I ammonia novice at it.—Exchange.

**Honesty Is Best Policy.**  
"Yessuh, I's done proved dat honesty is de best policy after all."  
"How?" demanded his friend.  
"You remember dat dawg dat I took?"  
"Shore, I remembers."  
"Well, suh, I tries fo' two whole days to sell dat dawg and nobody offers more'n a dollar. So, like an honest man, I goes to the lady dat owned him an' she gives me \$3.50."—Exchange.

**A Foresighted Indian.**  
An Oklahoma editor tells of an old Indian who came into his office to pay for his paper. The editor took the money; then the Indian wanted a receipt. The editor tried to talk him out of it. Mr. Indian insisted. After making it out, the editor wanted to know why he was so persistent about wanting a receipt.  
The Indian said: "Me die some time. Go to big gate and St. Peter ask if I been good Indian. I say yes. He say, 'Did you pay editor for paper?' I say yes. He say, 'Where is receipt?' I no have it. I have to run all over hell to find you to get receipt."—The Argonaut.

**The Difference.**  
A teacher was conducting a lesson in history.  
"Tommy Jones," she said, "what was there about George Washington which distinguished him from all other famous Americans?"  
"He didn't lie," was the prompt answer.—Ligourian.

The genius of a certain Arkansas editor showed itself recently when he printed the following news item in the local columns of his paper:  
"Miss Bulah Blank, a Batesville belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, aged thirty-two."—The Arkansas Taxpayer.

A member of the English Parliament recently declared that Americans can be divided into two classes: "Those who still have a little, and those who have a little still."—The Spearhead.

"What's de name of dis infant?" demanded the colored parson who was officiating at the christening of Mandy's latest offspring.  
"Her name am Opium Bryant," was the firm reply.

The parson protested: "Opium ain't no name for a gal!"  
"Well, it fits dis gal," said Mandy, "for dey say opium comes from wild poppy, and dis chile's poppy shuah am wild."—Commerce and Finance.

### Holed In.

Novice—I suppose, caddy, that you have been around the links with worse players than I.

Not a word.

Novice—I say, caddy! I suppose you have been around the links with worse players.

Not a word.

Novice—What's the matter, are you deaf?

Caddy—No, sir. I was just trying to remember.—Exchange.

### Broadway Echoes.

"Was your audience attentive last night when you introduced your new play?"  
"I should say so. They listened at the top of their voices."—Exchange.

"I hear you had a free-for-all fight at your house last night?"  
"Yes, I had. I had my \$25 get out. But guessin'—Deam!—mon' time!"

## MISSISSIPPI WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW.

mean distribution of money for necessities and luxuries of life, and this means business for all, from the smallest merchant to the greatest manufacturer. This is the reason for encouraging industrial development.

The following are some of the industries developed in Mississippi during the first week in July:

Belmont—\$150,000 bonds issued to build gravel road in District No. 3.  
Coldwater—Contract awarded to construct State highways across Tate county.

Vicksburg—New school, to cost \$50,000.

Helena—Hotel to be erected, costing \$30,000.

Meridian—Improvements planned for country roads, work under way.

Belzoni—Layne Central Company to spend \$15,000 drilling artesian well.

Clinton—\$100,000 raised for erection of new gymnasium.

Coffeyville—Construction of new water and power plant under way.

McComb—\$150,000 bonds issued for new school building.

Ripley—New banking institution opened up in Tippah district.

Brookhaven—\$65,000 improvements to be made at municipal water, light and power plant.

Hattiesburg—Plans being made for erection of new hotel costing \$100,000.

Jackson—Work commenced on construction of new street.

Gulfport—Gulf and Ship Island Railway purchases Union Naval warehouse, many repairs being made.

Coffeyville—New light and water system installed.

Biloxi—This section to have new State highway.

Meridian—\$150,000 Y. M. C. A. building to be erected.

Tupelo—Work started on paying Main street.

Hattiesburg—Cotton industry expanding rapidly.  
Charleston—Contract let for the construction of Central highway, at cost of \$162,000.  
Pascagoula—Work started on the construction of new high school building.  
Jackson—Improvements to be made on Baptist hospital and nurses' home.  
Scooba—Many building improvements being made.  
Port Gibson—Plans being made for construction of new bridge over Idleville branch.  
Jackson—To construct additional city water filtration plant.  
Columbia—Work progressing rapidly on construction of new high school.  
Starkville—Resurfacing of county roads under way.  
Moss Point—New school building to be erected at cost of \$125,000.  
Jackson—Work on \$100,000 gymnasium progressing rapidly.  
Starkville—Remodeling of Walker building in progress.  
Ripley—New electric light plant now operating.  
Laurel—Modern school building to be erected.  
Hazelhurst—Vegetable shipments increasing rapidly.  
Wiggins—Erskine Lumber Company to erect new sawmill.  
McLain—L. H. Cole Planing Mill Company making improvements and installing new machinery.

Special investigation shows trend in nearly all great industrial centers to be towards open shop, with workers outside union agreements doubled to 1,000,000 in past year.

"Why do you jump at the sound of a motor car?"  
"Well, some time ago my chauffeur eloped with my wife, and every time I hear a horn I think he is bringing her back."—Passing Show.



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